

The Archimage ~part one~

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Summary: A new pokemon casts a mysterious spell on James, Misty and Pikachu...

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DISCLAIMER: I don't own pokemon. Some big important millionaire does. If I did, i wouldn't bother to write my ideas on the web, i'd put them in the movies.

NOTE: My first fanfic. I'm still writing it, but here's chapters 1-5 for now. I'll keep posting as i go along, and when i'm done, i'll have put the entire story in one place so that itz easier to read.

Chapter 1

(In Giovanni's Pokemon Bioengineering Labs on Lorida Island...)

"Dr. Ciptor, do you have any idea what your goddamn pokemon is up to?" A frantic-looking woman demanded as she stormed into Dr. Ciptor's office.

"What did it do now?" Ciptor asked tiredly. He looked as if he hadn't slept in days. His clothes beneath his lab coat were wrinkled and untidy and he had large bags under his eyes.

"Thanks to you, our health and safety inspector has his finger glued up his nose!" she fumed.

Ciptor blinked sleepily. "He shouldn't have had it up there in the first place. Health inspectors aren't supposed to do that sort of thing, are they?"

The woman looked ready to hit him. "Saunford doesn't seem to find it

amusing. He looks like he's ready to march up to the Orange Island Health and Safety Department right now and tell them what we're really up to! Then Giovanni'll eat you and your godforsaken pokemon for breakfast."

"Right... right..." Criptor mumbled. "Uh, where is it now?"

"It escaped. After it attacked Saunford it ran like his life depended on it. We're looking all over for it, but there's no point. It could be anywhere. It'll come back when it wants to. What I want to know is why the hell you taught it to glue body parts together. Just the other day we had two of our best scientists joined at the ass!"

"You know I didn't teach it anything like that. I've never seen anything like it. We only programmed it for four moves, but it just keeps making up its own."

"Kill it," Advised the woman, looking sour. "Before it causes any worse problems. Dave, it's not going to get any better! If it's only a baby now, imagine what it'll be like when it's older! Kill it and start over before you regret it. The stupid pokemon is going to destroy this whole lab before you realize it!"

"I know, I know," Criptor yawned. "I'm sorry- I haven't slept a wink since it was created. It knows, too. I don't know what it has against me, but every time I start to relax, it acts up again. The problem is that Giovanni takes special interest in this one. If I kill it now, he won't be too happy."

"That reminds me, you'd better call him. He's come visiting today, you know." She grinned maliciously despite herself. "He'll love you for this little mishap!"

Criptor scowled at her. "You'd better hope he does. You get this position when I'm fired, remember." He turned away from her to the telephone and dialed Giovanni's number with hesitant fingers.

## Chapter 2

(At Giovanni's Office...)

"I have called you here in regards to your latest report." Giovanni greeted Team Rocket. Jessie, James and Meowth gulped simultaneously. "Your attempts to capture pikachu are quite disturbing. As a matter of fact, you attempts to do anything at all are particularly uninspiring. Therefore, I have decided to-"

The phone rang.

Giovanni picked up the phone. "Hello? Criptor, if this is not a dire emergency... I see. And who did it attack?" Team Rocket watched as his face got redder and redder. His even, threatening tone shook with anger. "You are a damned fool, Criptor. I will see you in five minuets- matters had better be settled by the time I get there... You idiot, don't worry about that now. Find that Archimage!" Giovanni slammed the telephone down and looked at Team Rocket. "You are excused for one hour while I am gone. Don't do anything foolish or you'll regret it." And he walked out of the room.

"Talk about saved by the bell," James muttered, breaking the cautious silence that Giovanni left behind. Jessie stomped his foot.

"You idiot! He'll fire us, I know it. Then where'll we be?"

"We gotta get on his good side so dat he forgets!" Meowth muttered.

"We can't! We've only got an hour!" whined James.

"Maaaaaage," gasped a voice behind him. James swiveled in his seat. Sitting on the ground behind him was a furry little creature. It resembled a skinny monkey with huge eyes and long pointed ears. A long, stringy donkey tail whipped around its ankles. It watched them through large eyes made enormous by wonderment. Then it grinned mischievously. "Arki, Arki, Arki, Maaaaaage!" It barked.

"Meowth, what is that thing?" James demanded, shocked that the little thing had snuck up behind him so quickly and he hadn't even noticed.

"Dat's dat Archimage 'ting da boss was talkin' about!" Meowth said happily. "Criptor lost it and now da boss went down to look for it! Maybe if we catch it, da boss won't fire us after all!"

"Right!" James exclaimed, taking out a pokeball.

"James, I don't-" Jessie protested, but James had already thrown the pokeball. The Archimage simply held out a hand and caught the ball. Its face lit up in a foolish grin. It threw the pokeball back at James and hit his arm.

"What the-" James cried as a beam of red electricity took over his body, and he was transmitted to the pokeball. Archimage caught the it again and grinned at Jessie and Meowth expectantly.

"Hey," Jessie cried, peeved. "What are you doing with my partner?"

"Gotta catch 'em all! Gotta catch 'em all!" It chanted mockingly, and skipped away.

"Rrrrrrr... hey, come back here!" She yelled, chasing it out of the building.

### Chapter 3

(At the shores of Lorida Island...)

"Thanks for the ride, Lapras," Ash said, recalling his pokemon to its pokeball and putting it in his pack.

"Wow, it sure is pretty here," Misty commented, watching the sunset.

"Pika-pi!" Pikachu sighed happily.

"Ash, it's going to get late. You'd better hurry before all the pokemon trainers go home," Tracey reminded him.

"Right," Ash said, gathering up his things. "Uh, where'd my backpack go?"

"You just had it," Misty groaned. "Don't tell me you lost it already."

"Pikachu! Pika pika!" Pikachu gasped, pointing at a skinny, monkey like pokemon rummaging through Ash's backpack.

"Hey, get outta there!" Ash yelled, whipping out dexter. "Woah! Have you ever seen anything so weird before?"

"Data unavailable," the electronic monotone voice said. The pokemon looked up and grinned moronically at them.

"Is that a kind of mankey?" Misty wondered.

"Mankeys don't have ears like that," Tracey observed, taking out his sketchbook. "That thing is too tall. It looks almost elfish, don't you think?"

"Weird," Ash muttered to himself. "D'you think I should catch it?"

"If you can," Tracey said. "You don't know what kind of attacks it has yet, but you can try."

"You up to it, pikachu?" Ash asked.

"Pikachu!" Pikachu replied, straightening up.

"Okay then. Go! Pikachu!"

"Pika!" Pikachu charged at it. Ash crouched in the sand, watching and waiting to see what kinds of moves this new pokemon would use. He didn't know what he expected, but it wasn't this. As pikachu leaped toward the new pokemon, it raised both its arms and shouted "Mage!" Pikachu stopped instantly and began to glow. "Pika!" It cried, shocked and terrified. As it glowed with more and more intensity, Pikachu's cries became more and more tortured.

"Pikachu!" Ash shouted. "No!" But Pikachu's form began to twist and grow. There was a blinding flash and when everyone's vision was cleared, Pikachu was gone.

There was someone else there instead.

#### Chapter 4

Curled up asleep on the sand, wearing no clothes at all, lay a blond-haired boy. He had strange red marks on his cheek, and bright scars down his back.

"Pikachu?" Ash's voice shook with fear, wonderment, and anger.

"Mage," said the pokemon with satisfaction.

"What have you done to Pikachu?" Ash choked sorrowfully, running to

the boy in the sand. He shook him, fighting tears. "Pikachu? Is it you? Please, Pikachu!"

Misty looked slightly embarrassed. "Ash... do you have any spare clothes?"

"Look in his pack," Tracy advised, walking up to the boy and examining him to make sure he was still breathing. He indicated to the backpack that was still at the strange pokemon's feet.

The pokemon (who was called Archimage, as I am sure you have figured out by now) was nervous. It had only meant to make these people laugh, but instead, they looked mad and unhappy. And the girl that was walking straight towards it... was she going to attack? The Archimage thought quickly. It would have to distract her with something... or... it's face lit up mischeviously... someONE. It hugged itself with joy. What a perfect idea!

Misty picked up Ash's pack, throwing a dirty look at the Archimage. But as she did so, the Archimage shouted something that she couldn't understand. And suddenly, her world was turned upside-down. She was overwhelmed by a surge of emotions that swirled and danced around her heart. Her chest hurt. She wanted to laugh and cry and dance and sing and tear herself apart with misery. She wanted to scream but the only sound she could make was a strangled squeek.

"Misty, you got that backpack?" Tracy called. He was trying to wake Pikachu with some sort of herb.

"Yeah," she replied faintly, aware of the pack in her hands. When she turned around, the swirling, dizzy sensation stopped, and Misty gasped. That boy... curled up on the sand... sleeping so silently... his chest moving up and down... Misty stared, unable to look away. The boy was so...

"Misty," Tracy interrupted, sounding concerned. "Are you sure you're okay?"

"I'm fine!" she said. She shook her head to clear her thoughts and mad her way toward the boy. His eyes opened, and he looked confused.

"Pikachu!" Ash sobbed. "Are you okay?"

"Uhhnnn... P-pikachu?" the boy said tentitavely.

"You are Pikachu, aren't you?" Ash looked frightened.

The boy still looked dazed. "What? Pikachu?" He looked thoughtful but his gaze was blank. "I... I could be, I guess," he said quietly, looking embarresed. "I don't know, I'm just... having a hard time remembering stuff right now, that's all."

"What kind of stuff?" Tracy asked. "Do you remember who I am?"

"No," the boy said shyly. "I'm sorry"

"What about me?" Misty asked.

"I... no, I guess not." Misty felt more put out than she ought to.

"Pikachu," Ash said seriously. "Do you remember me?"

The boy stared at him for a long time, then finally nodded. "I think I may. I remember... sitting on our shoulder. I remember that you are my friend. But... I can't remember your name."

Ash sighed painfully. "I'm Ash," he said. "These are your friends too, Misty and Tracy."

"Hi," Pikachu said quietly.

There was a moment of silence. "Um," Misty cleared her throat. "Clothes?"

Pikachu looked down at his body, looking more confused than ever. "Why?"

"Uh, hey Misty?" Ash said. "You'd better go tell Nurse Joy that she has four new guests today before she closes."

Misty blushed, realizing that she probably should have left a long time ago- just about the minute a naked boy appeared. "Right," she gasped.

## Chapter 5

"Professor Oak!" Ash said urgently to the image on the PC. "I need your help!"

"Alright, Ash, alright!" Professor Oak yawned. "What's the problem."

"It's Pikachu. He was changed."

"He?" Professor Oak said. Then Pikachu stepped in front of the PC where Professor Oak could see him clearly. "Remarkable," Professor Oak muttered, noticing the resemblance between this strange boy and Ash's Pikachu. "Ash if this is some kind of trick-"

"It's not, Professor, I swear!" Ash interrupted. Then he blushed, surprised at his own rudeness.

"We met a new pokemon on the road that Dexter couldn't identify," Tracey explained gently. "It used some strange attack on Pikachu, and then we found him like this. The problem is, he has complete amnesia and can't remember a thing."

"A new pokemon, eh?" Professor Oak mused. "What does it look like?"

"A demented Mankey," Ash mumbled grumpily. Misty stepped on his foot hard to make him shut up.

"Here, I drew a picture," Tracey said, showing Professor Oak the sketch.

"Hm," Professor Oak still looked skeptical. "Perhaps this pokemon

used some sort of confusion attack on you all and you are still feeling the effects..."

"Professor, I know what a confusion attack looks like and that was no confusion attack." Ash said stubbornly.

"Professor," Pikachu spoke up for the first time. "Don't you remember? Toothpicks?"

To everyone's surprise, Professor Oak burst into laughter. "Mark my words, that boy there is Pikachu if I ever saw it!"

"Old private joke," Pikachu said in answer to everyone's questioning stares. "My memory isn't completely gone... I can remember some small things."

Professor Oak was starting to calm down. "You've got a real problem there, Ash," he said. "I know nothing of this new pokemon. My guess is that he was genetically engineered, which is currently illegal. I can see what kind of research I can do on this, but it will be a real project. I'll try, though."

"Thanks, professor," Ash said gratefully. "What should we do for now?"

"Well, there isn't anything you can do. We can wait for Pikachu's memory to come back, but I'm sure that will take a while. Go to Nurse Joy and see if she has any medication that could speed up the process. Other than that, maybe you should just continue battling and training like you always do."

"I guess so..." Ash looked uncertainly. "It'll be tough not doing it with Pikachu, though."

"I'm sure it will be," Professor Oak looked sympathetic. "You can take out another pokemon from Bill's PC if you'd like."

"Maybe later," Ash looked downcast. "See you, Professor."

Tracey, Ash and Pikachu left Misty by the computer to talk to Professor Oak.

"Poor kid," Misty said sadly.

"Who, Ash or Pikachu?"

"Both I guess," Misty said quickly. "I wonder if that boy can still use his attacks even though he's not a pokemon anymore."

"His name is Pikachu," Professor Oak said sternly.

"But why should we keep his pokemon name? He's human now, so we should give him a human name. How about Darren or Eric?"

"He won't be human forever, Misty, you have to keep that in mind." Professor Oak was watching Misty with concern. She looked sad at what he was saying. "Misty, are you feeling alright? You aren't your usual self."

"I'm fine!" Misty said angrily. "Why does everyone ask me that?!"

Professor Oak raised an eyebrow, and Misty turned sheepish. "Sorry, professor."

"Get some sleep. You're tired and it's been a long day." Misty nodded. "Good night, dear." As he closed the link, Professor Oak shook his head. "More confused than Pikachu, that girl," he said to himself.

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